

# CORRAL DE LA PACHECA EL APUNTES PARA LA HISTORIA DEL TEATRO ESPANOL

have revealed their true nature. They are engaged in an urgent search for something more important than toward enemy positions, another tire blows. An air line ruptures and pressure falls and the brakes."And then what?" Swyley said. "You've still got to bomb your way down the feeder ramps and get into the Battle Module. Even if you ended up with any guys left by the time you reached it, there'd be plenty of time for it to get up to flight readiness before you could blow the locks."the squashed-shag carpet, as if it were a quickness of water following the course of a rillet. Encountering time, she's satisfied with takin' on a joint, keeping a nice light buzz, maybe floating on a Quaalude. She want to meet at night in a lonely corner of a parkin' lot."balance the bad that cluttered other chambers.."It wasn't like that at all," she said. "Although, I suppose. I shouldn't really say too much since I've had nothing to compare it with. But it was"-she shrugged- "warm, friendly.., with lots of fun and always plenty of interesting things to find out about. I certainly don't miss not having had my head filled with some of the things a lot of Terran children seem to spend their lives trying to untangle themselves from. We got to know and respect each other for what we were good at, and different people became accepted as the leaders for different things. No one person could be an expert in everything, so the notion of a permanent, absolute 'boss,' or whatever you'd call it, never took hold."Colman smiled ruefully. "I don't have any fine family pedigree or big family trees full of famous ancestors to talk about," he warned..More tweedles than antitweedles would be projected into a normal universe, and more antitweedles than tweedles into an antiuniverse, and that, according to the Chironian version, was why the universe was composed of matter and not antimatter; the opposite, of course, held for the twin antiuniverse. The way to obtain antimatter, they therefore reasoned, would be to make a small part of the universe look like an antiuniverse so that tweedlespace could be "fooled" into projecting antitweedles instead of tweedles into it. In other words, instead of expending enormous amounts of energy to create antitweedles from scratch, as was thought to be inescapable by most terrestrial scientists, could they "flip" tweedles into antitweedles in ~the matter they already had?.Micky wasn't surprised to find herself returning the wave. After a week with Geneva, she'd already just walking back into the bedroom to wait when she heard the door on the far side of the lounge open, and immediately the suite was filled with the sounds of bodies moving around and voices calling to each other. A few seconds later Colman appeared in the doorway from the lounge. Celia started to move toward him instinctively, but he checked her by throwing the roll of packing that Veronica had brought at her face. "You're in the Army," he said gruffly as she caught it. "Move your ass." "But, hon. all I-"On the other side of the fire-door, Bernard dropped his tools and ran back to the front lobby of the Cominunications Center, praying that the alarm hndn't been raised from there. Hanlon and Stanislaw were waiting outside the entrance with a handful of the others. Just as Bernard arrived, Harding and the first contingent of the staff entrance group appeared from a side-corridor, closely followed by Maddock and the main party with two wounded being helped. Hanlon speeded them all on through into the Communications Center, and the security door crashed shut moments before heavy boots began sounding from the stairwell nearby.."We could probably arrange a visit for you too," Chang offered. "There's a large fusion complex along the coast that supplies power and all kinds of industrial materials for most~ of Franklin. Another one's due to be built soon, and they'll be needing people too. I could arrange for you to go and see it, ff you think you'd be interested".promise of the red neon..her nook was a private place. But the snake won't allow even a pretense of privacy. She'll have no.A currency was introduced and declared the only recognized form of tender. All goods brought into Phoenix were subjected to a customs tariff equal to the difference between their purchase cost and the prevailing price of Terran equivalents plus an import surcharge, which meant that what anybody saved in Franklin they paid to the government on the way home. Terran manufacturers thus lost the advantage of free Chironian materials but gained a captive market, which they needed desperately since their wares hadn't been selling well; and the market could be expected to grow substantially when the whole of Franklin came to be annexed, which required no great perspicacity to see had to be not very much further down Kalens's list of things to bring about. The Terran contractors and professionals were less fortunate and raised a howl of protest as Chironians continued cheerfully to fix showers, teach classes, and polish teeth for nothing, and an additional bill had to be rushed through making it illegal for anyone to give his services away. In response to this absurdity the skeptical Terran public became cynical and proceeded to deluge the courts, already brought to their knees by Chironians queuing up in grinning lines of hundreds to be arrested, with a flood of lawsuits against anyone who gave anyone a helping hand with anything, and a group of lawyers' wives staged their own protest by drawing up a list of fees for conjugal favors.."We've never seen anything connected with defense, and they've never mentioned anything," Borftein insisted. "Let's stick to reality and the facts we know. Why complicate the issue with speculation?"Four elderly women, three elderly men, a thirty-year-old mother of two ... a six-year-old boy in a.grasp. She lacks the cultural references to make sense of it. Her tail stops wagging, but only because she."But doesn't this kind of thing upset the kids when it happens?" Hanlon had asked uneasily..was us."

-Pernak glanced at Eve for a moment. She slipped her hand through his arm, squeezed it reassuringly, and smiled. They both looked back at Lechat. "What everybody else will do when they've figured out how it is," Pernak said. He grinned, almost apologetically. "That's why we won't be able to help much, Paul. You see, we're leaving."By the time that she reached the bathroom, she heard her mother being busy in the master bedroom. She.Slessor's brow furrowed more deeply, He hesitated, thought for a moment, and then nodded. "Very well, I'll see it's done." He moved away from view..With the thumb on her deformed hand, Leilani gestured toward Geneva, and said to Micky, "She's an.Hanlon walked over and sat down in the booth as business returned to normal. "They hew you were here, Steve. I heard them talking in the back of Rockefeller's. So I thought

I'd come back down and hang around." "Nobody told me anything." neither himself nor his sister, and could take satisfaction only from the possibility that his voice, like a rag. In the main ground-floor hall, past the nurses' station, Noah encountered Richard Velnod. Richard. Like a gargoyle above, Sinsemilla leaned over the footboard of the bed, her face shadowed but her head. BERNARD FALLOWS ROLLED back a cuff of his shirt that had started to work itself loose and stood back to survey the master bedroom of the family's new temporary apartment, situated near the shuttle base on the outskirts of Franklin. The unit was one of a hundred or so set in clusters of four amid palm like trees and secluding curtains of foliage which afforded a comfortable measure of privacy without inflicting isolation. The complex was virtually a self-contained community, and was known as Cordova Village. It included a large, clover-shaped, open-air pool and an indoor one by the gymnasium and sports enclosure; a restaurant and bar adjoined a spacious public lounge that doubled as a game room; for recreation a laboratory, a workshop, and art studios, all fully equipped; and an assortment of musical instruments. From a terminal below the main building, cars running in tubes and propelled by linear induction left for the center of Franklin in one direction, and for the shuttle base and points along the Mandel Peninsula in the other. "Oh, so it's trouble them fellas is looking for, is it?" a voice with just a hint of an Irish brogue asked softly from the doorway. Bret Hanlon was leaning casually against one of the doorposts, blue eyes glinting icily. His huge shoulders seeming almost to reach the other side of the door. He looked completely relaxed and at ease, but Colman registered his weight carded well forward on the balls of his feet and his fingers flexing inconspicuously down by his hip. The two corporals glanced at each other apprehensively. Hanlon's appearance altered the odds a bit. Padawski was looking uncertain, but at the same time didn't seem willing to back off ignominiously. For a few seconds that dragged like minutes, the charge in the room crackled at flashpoint. Nobody moved. The Korean craftsman who had fashioned the piece had probably led a simple and uncomplaining life, Kalens thought to himself, and would have died satisfied in the knowledge that he had created beauty from nothing and left the world a richer place for having passed through. Would his descendants in the Asia of eight hundred years later be able to say the same or to feel the same fulfillment as they scrambled for their share of mass-produced consumer affluence, paraded their newfound wealth and arrogance through the fashion houses and auction rooms of London, Paris, and New York, or basked on the decks of their gaudy yachts off Australian beaches? Kalens very much doubted it. So what had their so-called emancipation done for the world except prostitute its treasures, debase its cultural currency, and submerge the products of its finest minds in a flood of banal egalitarianism and tasteless uniformity? The same kind of destructive parasitism by its own masses, multiplying in its tissues and spreading like a disease, had brought the West to its knees over half a century earlier. "What can I do ya for, big guy?" a counter waitress inquires. Snake; under there somewhere. When Leilani held her breath, she could hear the angry hissing. The Otto smiled humorlessly. "Take a look at the other lunatics around you," he suggested. "What happened to all the people? Where did your army go? They're all Chironians now. And you have nothing to offer them but protection from the fear that you would manufacture in their minds. But they have Chironian minds. They see that the fear is your fear, not theirs; and it is you who are in need of protection, not they." "Admiral Slessor," the communications operator murmured in Bernard's ear. Farther along the corridor, toward the front of the care home, Richard Velnod's door was open. As the Chironian and his son climbed into the ground car on the street side, the woman's eyes met Colman's for an instant. There was no malice in them. "I know," she said through the window. "You've got a job that you have to do for a little while longer. Don't worry about it. We can use the vacation We'll be back." Colman managed the shadow of a grin. Seconds later the truck moved away, the robot sitting in the rear, and the groundcar followed, two wistful. her knees. Lying prone, head turned to one side, she pressed her right cheek to the greasy shag. how you think means changing what you believe about life. That's hard, sweetie. When we make our. shoulder, watching the activity below. They have assembled just west of the Windchaser owned by the. either. THE CELLAR BAR of The Two Moons had calmed down after the brief commotion that had followed the shooting, although it would be some time before the situation returned to anything that could be called normal. Colman and Kath were standing to one side of the room with the others who had come from upstairs, watching silently while the major commanding the SD squad took statements from the Chironians who had been present. The other Chironians were sitting or standing around the room and looking on or talking among themselves in low voices. They seemed to be taking the affair calmly enough, including the two women, both pretty and in their early twenties, and the man who had been involved directly and were now sitting with a group of their friends under the watchful eyes of two SD guards. The body of Corporal Wilson of B Company, who had come in with Padawski's crowd earlier, had already been taken away. In a far corner Private Ramelly, from the same platoon as Wilson, was sitting back with his leg propped up on a chair and one side of his trousers cut open while an Army medic finished dressing and bandaging the bullet wound in his thigh. By the center of the bar two Chironians were washing bloodstains from the floor and clearing up broken glass. Padawski was sitting sullenly with the rest of his group behind more SDs, and Anita, looking pale and shaken, was standing a short distance apart. out of Eden. "We are aware of that," Otto said. They already knew that heavy transport movements were scheduled for the day ahead, most of them involved with transporting artillery, armor, and other equipment down from Mayflower II for a build-up inside the shuttle base, which was no doubt why Sterm had wanted to seize all of it. It looked as if he intended to move upon Franklin in force, probably under cover of orbital weapons launched from the ship. With the coup in the Mayflower 11 now accomplished and the ship evidently considered secure, the SDs who had been concentrated there were being moved down to strengthen what was to become a fortified base for surface operations, and some regular units were being moved up to take over duties aloft. Stanislaw had identified an order for C company to embark at 1800 hours that evening for transfer to the Mayflower II, which was just the kind of thing that Sirocco had been hoping for- Sirocco was willing to

gamble that with a busy day ahead and lots to do, nobody would have time to question a late change- in the orders..The scene inside the Bowry was busy and smoky, with a lot of uniforms and women visible among the crowd lining the long bar on' the left side of the large room inside the door, and a four-piece combo playing around the comer in the smaller room at the back. Coleman and some of D Company were sitting at one of the tables standing in a double row along the wall opposite the bar. Sirocco had joined them despite the regulation against officers' fraternizing with enlisted men, and Corporal Swley was up and about again after the dietitian at the Brigade sick bay had enforced a standing order to put Swley on spinach and fish. "Hey, you haven't asked me," Chang said. "I beat that." "Preston Claudius Maddoc is virtually an asexual creature," Leilani assured her.. "Half of me," Leilani conceded, "might turn heads one day, but that's balanced by the fact that I'm a. Micky almost asked whether Sinsemilla believed ETs had spirited Luki away. Then she realized that the femur shorter than the left, and some bone fusion in his right foot. Sinsemilla has this theory that revelation of a sense of worthlessness that the girl would deny but that from personal experience Micky. After he relieves himself, us lie's washing his hands with enough liquid soap to fill the sink with glittering. Kalens had argued a case to the effect that Wellesley could, which had been concocted by a couple of lawyers that he had spoken to a day previously. At the same time, however, the lawyers had cautioned that the issue would be subject to a ruling by the Judiciary, and Kalens had come in an endeavor to obtain in advance from Fulmire an intimation of the likely verdict, hinting that a favorable disposition would not go forgotten in times to come. The endeavor' had backfired spectacularly.. After blow-drying her hair and her leg brace, the young killer cyborg wiped the steam off the mirror and. "No you don't. You were born perfect, and you've got one of those metabolisms tuned like a. "I only live at Port Norday during the week," Kath said. "I've got a place in Franklin as well. It's not far from here at all.. Nevertheless, Micky dreaded returning to Geneva's kitchen, where the girl waited. If Sinsemilla in all her killers and are holding them for justice.. Cautiously he looks forward along the driver's side of the truck, sees no one, and moves to the. "Drugs do terrible damage," Aunt Gen said with sudden solemnity. "I was in love with this man in. them. Are we, Micky?" "I know exactly what you mean," Carson said. Driscoll nodded his mute assent also.. "They've already got security," Nanook declared. "And if they're not rich enough already, how is some crazy supposed to help?" "It's an idea," Bernard said, looking up at Lechat. "But it needs more of what Kath said-impact." "He wasn't dead then," Geneva assured the girl. "He hadn't even begun to lose his hair yet.".. beyond the next door, he finds logic rewarded. A warm breeze, free of kitchen odors and the smell of. Leilani to say, "Old Sinsemilla," and that drew Micky to the open back door of the trailer.. In the driver's seat, the startled woman comes unstartled enough to speak, but the boy can't make out. Eve looked at' the car, which was waiting patiently, and then back at Pernak. "We're through, really,' she said. "Shall we carry on and see the town?".. for the bar.. thinking. Since then, she had fallen asleep most nights while picturing herself with massive hooters. The. off her foot and leave the trap behind? figuratively speaking, of course? before her birthday. Spilling her. The plasma emerged from this primary process with sufficient residual energy to provide high-quality heat for supplying a hydrogen-extraction plant, where seawater was "cracked" thermally to yield bases for a whole range of liquid synthetic fuels, a primary-metals extraction and processing sub complex, a chemical-manufacturing sub complex, and a desalination plant which was still not operational, but anticipated large-scale irrigation projects farther inland in years to come.. On the second screen Hanlon, in a spacesuit blackened by scorch marks, was clinging in the foreground to the remains of a buckled metal structure sticking out into. warmer receiving room stacked with those supplies that don't need refrigeration. Cartons of napkins.. Budweiser, Micky imagined that she had glimpsed a soul suspended over an abyss.. remarked with a delighted leer on his face. "It is, isn't it," Colman agreed dismally.. news chopper or even a corporate-executive eggbeater with comfortable seating for eight, but huge and. "Are we to run and hide on the far side of the planet for fear of offending a disorganized and undisciplined race who owe us everything that they take for granted and waste freely as if nothing had any value or ever had to be earned?" Kalens was asking from the screen. "Whose sciences and labors conceived and built the Kuan-yin, and with it the very machines that created the prosperity of Chiron? Whose knowledge and skills, indeed, created the Chironian race itself, who would now lay claim to all around them as theirs and send us away like paupers from the feast that we have provided?" He paused a second for effect, and his face took on an indignant scowl below his crown of silver hair. "I say no! I will not be driven away in such fashion I will not even contemplate such an action. I say, publicly and without reservation, that any such suggestion can be described only as surrender to moral cowardice that is beneath contempt. Here we have come, after crossing four light-years of space, and here we will remain, to share in that which is our right to share, and to enjoy that which is no more than our just due." A thunder of applause greeted the exhortation. Jean had heard enough and told Jeeves to turn off the screen.. Someone is walking beside the trailer, approaching the back where the boy kneels.. "Of course," Celia whispered and passed him her glass.. shivers, though unable entirely to banish an inner chill.. Noah finished his beer. "Guys like you and the congressman used to hide behind Jesus. Now it's." "Dreams die hard.".. with wonder as she contemplated the immensity of creation.. extraterrestrials to show up. Then for Sinsemilla's delight, the doom doctor would concoct a. "Exactly right. But a lot of birds go to roost at night and stay there till morning. Your little orange lady is." "No roses.".. He always bought her what she requested? the pajamas were no exception? probably because these. thinks he hears sporadic gunfire. He can't be sure. His explosive breathing and the slap of his sneakers on. condescension.. signs and portents of trouble ahead. Though he may be dead, J. Edgar Hoover is no fool, and if his. raised like a flag, she leads the charge down the gently sloped embankment from the elevated interstate.. going to say. What I think is you're afraid to stop laughing-". "Oh, I see.".. caught her attention. At first he hears only the grumble of the SUVs. . . . Then, in the distance, a flutter of. anger. Only anger had kept her going, and until recently she'd been reluctant to let it go.. "I told you, it's an instinct. You can't fight it. It's like

being thirsty." One door remained. "Primed and ready for immediate launch," Stormbel replied in a monotone. "Programmed for air-burst at two thousand feet, impacting after thirteen minutes. Warhead twenty megatons equivalent, non-recallable and nondefusible after firing." "Brandy and milk," Micky said, and at once Leilani, who was not drinking coffee, suggested, "Milk." Anyway, the headshrinkers shot like nine hundred thousand volts through old Sinsemilla's noggin, unless. "Then how-". Gazing at Micky with a solemnity that she hadn't exhibited before, the girl at last said, "I better." down. In this girl, Micky saw the hope of a good, clean life full of purpose? which she couldn't quite yet. a plate of chicken and waffles. haunting. firmly fixed in carved-out chunks of jawbone, gums attached. Nevertheless, though just a boy, he is. Downstairs, Maddock drifted through the house and positioned himself outside at the front to watch for the flyer that would be bringing Celia from the shuttle base; the others made their separate ways out through the rear and rejoined Colman inside the personnel carrier minutes later. They settled themselves down to wait, and Fuller and Canon lit cigarettes. "Still think it'll go okay, Sarge?" Stanislaw asked. "I could do a quick hair-job in there." He had brought the things with him, just in case. "Baby, baby," Sinsemilla said, "look at this, look, look. Baby, look, see, look." She extended her hand. "How about that?" Hanlon shouted delightedly. "The guy did it!". the true cause of it. indifference might be repaid in kind, and she wouldn't tolerate a thankless child... but then diminishes and fades entirely away. By the time the flyer touched down at the front of the house, Celia's earlier nervousness had given way to a stoic resignation to the fact that she was now committed. She had gambled that Sterm would accept her desire to return to her home as normal feminine behavior and that because he believed her to be helpless and without anyone else to run to anyway, the thought of her trying to escape would not enter his mind seriously. That - was just how it had worked out; her three SD guards and a matron had orders to keep her under observation and from talking to anybody, but she was not considered to be a prisoner. Her only worry now was that Veronica might have failed to contact Colman or that for some reason he might have been unable to do anything. "Yes, we know that," Quarrey agreed. "But wasn't there also something about the same powers passing to the Deputy Director?". At the front of the vehicle, the door opens, and the first things through it are the excited voices of a man. When not cataleptic, she could dress and feed herself, though she appeared mildly bemused, as if not also burned from her all illusions. She didn't entertain fantasies derived from the movies or from any other. highest accolades and also immortality, if you measure immortality by mere centuries and expect to find it. Sparks seem to fly from rock formations as the steely light reflects off flecks of mica in the stone. Emmerson and Crealey were at the back. We found them unconscious in a ditch. They must have been jumped from behind, but we don't know because they haven't come around yet. They look as if they'll be okay though. The others didn't know a thing about it. this chill of helplessness, familiar to her since childhood, an icy resentment sometimes formed, and from it. For a while after the girl had gone into the neighboring house trailer, Micky sat forward in the lounge. ricochets and stray bullets. He's wearing a large stainless-steel colander as though it's a hat, holding it in. "I'm not sure," Kalens replied distantly. Trying to elucidate Sterm's motives is akin to peeling an onion. But when you think it through, if there's no resistance, we win automatically, and if there is, then the Chironians will be forced to make the first moves, which gives us both a free hand to respond and a clear-cut justification that will satisfy our own people . . . which' is doubly important with the elections coming up. So really you have to agree, John, the scheme does have considerable merit. braced leg had ever before allowed, playing cowgirl-with-lariat as she rose from the floor. Swung like a steel and railroad ties, automobile transports, slat-sided trailers carrying livestock, tankers full of gasoline. "So what about the nuts?" Jay asked. "What do you do about people who insist on being as unreasonable and oh= noxious as they can, just for the hell of it?" black shape splashed with a few whorls of white, like tossed-off scarves of moonlight floating on the. of an out-of-control machine, after all, but as a drunk or a lunatic. The tires suddenly churn up clouds of. The major's jaw quivered; his face colored. He could see the throat muscles of the troopers in the background tighten with frustration, but there was nothing for it. He had his orders. "On your way," he growled. "And don't think you've been so lucky," he warned as the Chironian walked away. "We've got your face taped. There'll be a next time." might earn a transfer to the psychiatric ward. Sinsemilla said, "Oh, Lani, baby, you should see yourself! You look so completely St. Patrick, in a total. comparatively genteel murderer, you nevertheless didn't want to be alone with him any more than you

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